THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

HISTORY OF MARIA FEODOROVNA.

A YOUNG RUSSIAN COUNTESS.

[*From "Letters from Scandinavia."*]

(Concluded.)

MARIA approached the fatal chest. She opened it. The count was asleep, or affected to sleep. He was asleep, to wake no more! The head of the chest, had been in a hurried moment, shut close upon him, or had fallen so. There remains no doubt that the count upon feeling the inconveniency, and want of air, could have relieved himself, and perhaps had gently attempted to do it; but finding his attempt attended with some noise, which might have betrayed the woman whom he valued more than life, to the rage of her father, he had submitted to death.

It is impossible for the imagination to conceive the situation of Maria when she found the lifeless corps of Markoff! She continued for some time to believe that the count was affecting sleep, and therefore gently reproached him. At last she pulled him with some violence: the body fell again into the chest. She screamed; and fortunate would it have been had the baron heard this cry of horror. Dreadful as her situation was, the idea of her father's wrath added to her misery. Mad with agony, she clasped the body of the count, calling upon his name, and, at calmer intervals, using every endeavour to restore him to life in vain.

The silence of the night was disturbed with the sighs, and shrieks of Maria, now reclining upon the corpse, now at her window tearing her hair, and imploring Heaven to end her existence. The morning began to dawn—she roused from her distracted melancholy, and thoughtful of the light of day and her furious father. The slave who is appointed watchman to every house throughout Russia, is the only person readily to be procured during the night, and is generally an elderly man. He is employed in the meanest offices during that part of the day not allotted to sleep.

To this wretched domestic, whose lodging is a mat [illegible] within the gates, the wretched Maria applied. The slave at her coming kneeled, and touched her shoe with his forehead, craving her protection. She desired him to rise, and informed him he should have it, as well as a sum of money, if he would keep a secret, and faithfully serve her: she discovered her misfortunes, and desired that he would remove the corpse, and bury it in an adjoining forest. The slave felt a consequence he had never felt before. She gave him money, but he knew the baron would give him more to betray her. That slave who but a moment before had never dared to look up to the daughter of his lord, and who was accustomed to esteem both as deities, on whom his all, his very life depended: that wretch, who was happy to find a bed in the corner of her father's stable, and daily receiving chastisement from the care of his surly master, and fellow servants, who look down on the watchman as an inferior being, dared at once to form a wish to possess the person of Maria! He begun, without much ceremony, to use freedom with the countess. Overpowered as she was with despair and grief, she struck the villain: for a moment she forgot her sorrows, and resuming the dignity of her rank, she bade him begone. But it was too late: the slave knew her secret, nor was there any other assistant to be had. The villain knew this: and, pretending to go to the baron to inform him, Maria called him back. He obeyed with sullen importance; he took the silver and gold trinkets which she now added to the first present; he [illegible]ed her towards the chamber; he stopped suddenly, and swore that if she did not instantly submit to his embraces, he would directly acquaint the baron with all. Maria, in her turn, fell upon her knees to the slave, while he endeavoured to rid himself, in order to proceed to the baron's bed room. She fainted in the struggle to detain him.

The villain turned, beheld his prey, and seized upon it. The savage resorted the chamber, where lay the corpse of Markoff. He carried it to the woods, and, cutting his throat, and otherwise disfiguring it, left it a prey to animals less ferocious than himself.

Maria awoke to a new scene of woe. The baron observed the melancholy brooding upon her mind, and guessing that the cause related to the detested family of Markoff, abused her with his usual rudeness. The distresses of this ill-fated lady were not to end here. The

slave renewed his addresses, and with the same threats of informing the baron, adding, that he would accuse her of the murder of the count.

Maria, as yet guiltless, committed a fault unbecoming her rank and innocence, but the accusation against her is solely for the want of fortitude. A crime once committed, appears less hideous; this lady had as yet committed none; but she knew of her disgrace, and felt herself degraded, and, in her own eyes, an outcast to society. The slave not only threatened to accuse her of murder, but of prostitution with Count Markoff. He threatened to expose her prostitution with himself as voluntary on her part, and the price of service and secrecy.

Maria might have perhaps got over the dread of her father's wrath: but the accusation of murder and prostitution, not merely to the count, but to the meanest of her father's domestic's, was a stumbling block that she had not strength to pass. It is always dangerous to imagine ourselves past recovery in any situation. To avoid a public, she submitted to a private shame. Familiarity made the slave now insolent: he forced her even to come to his wretched hovel, and dismissed her with contempt. Nay, he grew tired of her, and sought how he could sell her favours to others.

He forced her, by repeating the former threats, to receive whomsoever he brought to her bed. Here one is apt to lose all pity for this lady. It will be urged that her secret was now betrayed to others, and she had no longer the apology just mentioned for submitting to prostitution. But the slave found little difficulty in persuading her that his friends would keep the secret as well as himself; or, if she had little faith in this, the chance of their keeping it, she preferred to the certainty of its being instantly told by her savage tyrant, if she refused to comply.

The wretched Maria never again beheld with a smile the morning dawn. Her eyes dejected, her colour pale; she started from her glass, and, throwing her clothes carelessly about her, she supported with pain, while with her father, the appearance of ease and happiness.

To multiply his gains, the slave was not always satisfied with the admission of one visitant at a time. He dragged her to some neighbouring cottage, where were generally assembled, at the dead hour of night, several of the wealthy inhabitants of the country. The hour arrived when Maria was to be freed from contamination; and it must be supposed that she had before entertained the idea of extricating herself, and that this idea had supported her sinking mind, and had prevented her too from freeing herself by suicide. Reflection had painted the shameful course that she had walked in, and she saw no end to her sorrows. The pride of rank, roused with repeated insult, determined upon revenge. Female nature yet revolted, and she allowed several opportunities to escape.

The brutal ravishers formed themselves into a club. Maria was the sacrifice at their feasts, and was treated with every indignity that drunken appetite could incite.

The moment of vengeance at last comes. Her tyrants, overwhelmed with liquor, slept upon the benches of the cottage. Maria saw, and her good angel approved the period of freedom and justice. She trembled as she approached the slave. She invoked heaven to give her resolution, and, pulling the knife from the belt of the savage, plunged it into his heart. Her fortitude rekindled with the stroke. She proceeded on to the other villains, who belched their drunken fumes in their slumbers, and planted a dagger in every breast.

Maria had no sooner completed the work of vengeance, than she fled home. She beheld from her windows the rising sun, and she imagined herself a new being in a new world! "Markoff," said she to herself, "will be here! These are the elysian fields: I will go out and meet him." She wandered in the forest which covered his body. She knew the spot, and kneeled upon his tomb. Her voice denied utterance: her tears watered his grave, and she strewed upon it her flaxen hair. Still awed by her father, she concealed from him her sorrow, and affected ease and mirth.

The idea of having committed murder often threw her into fits of despair. She thought to ease her conscience, by making a confession to her priest. The astonished priest had never witnessed such a confession. The wretch betrayed the secret to his wife. The minions of *justice* were soon in search of Maria. The relation spread throughout all the empire. Her Imperial Majesty, having ordered a strict examination into the particulars, acquitted this unfortunate lady, and took her under her immediate protection.

Tired of life, now that her shame was public, she would have preferred death to all other protection. She begged the empress to allow her to retire to a monastery; and here, secluded from a world where she found no rest, she endeavours to forget all but her God and her Markoff. Her cell is small, but neat. A few religious books compose her library. The picture of Markoff hangs upon her lovely bosom—she calls it her saint, and kisses it with farewell devotion. Her first office in the morning is prayer: she then goes to the bath, and repeats this in the afternoon. She seldom wanders beyond the monastic walls; or, if she does, she traverses the gloomiest wood, or sits by a rivulet which encircles her abode; and here, with folded arms and downcast eyes, implores the forgiveness of heaven. The evening bell, the shepherd's evening horn, warn her to return to prayer and repose.

This story, however romantic it may appear, is yet authenticated beyond all doubt, and is generally believed and known to be true in Russia. Let those who

doubt it, recal to mind what wonderful vicissitudes are common in nations of Asiatic origin, customs and manners, and living under the capricious influence of despotic governments.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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To DONALD.

Sir,

Turning over the pages of the Lady's Weekly Miscellany of the 10th inst. my eye caught a glimpse of your very enchanting rhapsody or *Pindaric*. Fond of new productions, I perused it with avidity, and found that the invention was peculiar to yourself. New things ever delight me; and a thought immediately occured, that when a new production crowds its way into the world destitute of a patron, (though yours requires no other than its intrinsic merit) the callous, illiberal spirited critic, will be forthwith mauling it about very hard. To prevent such satire, therefore, I concluded to stir myself lively, and panegyrize you before they had time to molest, or to discern possible defects. I own the merit of your poem is its best defence; but when a man is pleased with a thing, he cannot well avoid telling of it; which is just my case—and, as you stand alone, should the rabble undertake dogmatic dissections and elongations, the spray of their witticisms might, perhaps, evaporate so as to involve you in a mist of pervicacity. I shall make no ostentatious display of learning by referring to observations made on poets, but observe generally, that your Ode will ever stand unrivaled among ingenious mechanism. Mr. Pope in his Essay on Criticism, says,

"A *little learning* is a dangerous thing.
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

Which in my humble opinion is enough to stop the mouth of every pretender to genius. But who that reads your inimitable *Ode*, can have a doubt remaining, of your having swallowed large draughts of that same water; how else could you have performed such wonders, and created such unbounded admiration? I give it as my point blank opinion, that from this time henceforth, all poetasters, and every sort of men, abstain from versifying and resign the palm wholly to your poetship, as alone fitting to direct the lyric pen.—Should any one demur at my having swerved from my own opinion, I shall only add, that my ideas were so completly inflamed with poetic ardor by reading your incomparable, that I found it impossible to refrain—besides I had not then had leisure to give any opinion on the subject, as my animation was too hot; and I only fear that many others will be deluged with the same inspiration; and if they should, the poor critics will find themselves worse beset, than if they were arranged on the pages of a Dunciad.

I am with respect yours, P.

RHAPSO-PINDARICO-EULOGY.

Duet.

Muse, stretch thy downy wings and soar,
New themes, new fantasies explore;
Attune thy lays
To chaunt the praise,
And sound the fame, of a seraphic bard!
Whose genius merits infinite reward.—
Rub up thy rusty age-worn lyre
And in it lofty tones respire;
Loud—and still much louder rise,
Swell the music to the skies.
Bewitching to demons, enchanting to ghosts,
Alarming, yet charming, pour full the loud notes.
Sing, O sing his matchless fame,
Let heralds far and nigh proclaim:—
O pipe his *Pindaric*,
Tho it should prove catarrhic,
Till mountains and vallies, one chorus shall raise.
Strain, strain every nerve,
His fame to preserve—
Continue it long,
In dissonant song,
That ages on ages may hear and adore.
Let the jargon roll round,
In discord's full sound;
Till satyrs dance,
And monsters prance,
And howl his Eulogy in dismal roar.

Full Chorus.

Sages of yore, for wisdom long renown'd,
Whose vast conception fathom'd nature's bound,
Had not your keen inventive genius found,
Tho' they'd search'd round the globe, and round, and round—
No poets or sages with you can compare,
For original genius, or invention so clear;
Milton once sung in strains sublime,
How Satan strove heaven's throne to climb,
And reign supremely there;
Tho' soon to his ambitious cost,
Deep in Tartarean flames was tost,
Deprest with flat despair.

Newton, with penetrating gaze,
Look'd, eagle-ey'd, through nature's maze;
Explain'd how every plannet rolls,
And mark'd their distance from the poles;
Franklin, the wisest of his age,
Could light'ning's subtle force assuage;
The furious thunder's rage unfurl,—
And Rittenhouse nigh made a world;
But your profuse invention far exceeds
The dilatation of their famous deeds—

RESPONSE.

Come poets and musicians
Of every age and nation,
Screw up your throats,
And raise your notes,
To lofty elevation—
Each pipe and lute
No more be mute,
But swiftly let the music float;
Softly to the ravish'd ear,
Strains symphoniac prepare.

Semi-chorus.

Hark! hark once more the rapturous sound,
Bounds the stony plane along;
Anon it echoes thro' the orbs around,
And rolls to earth again the verbose song.
Oh touch again the trembling string,
And mount on fancy's airy wing—
Now up, now down, the music pour,
And raise their transports to a wild uproar.
From lofty tones, descend amain,
And melt into a milder strain;
In swiftest sounds, so soft and slow,
To pensive moans, let the grave organ blow—
Puff—puff—puff—puff—
Just to breathe,—that's full enough.

HEROIC.

Seraphic lord! to your sweet rhapsody,
I yield my reverence with due submission;
And oh—if I had time to breathe away—
I'd tell you how—or try to tell you how—

My zeal was warm'd by your Parnassian fire;
But ah!—tis vain—I feel the missive flame,
Whiz thro' my fancy with impetuous force—
And set me in a blaze—poetic blaze!—
My frigid soul is wrapp'd in such a heat,
As burns me thro' and thro'———
The soft vibrations of your well strung lyre
Thrill thro' my breast, in idulation's sweet,
And raise sensations, language can't express.

Pure, unadulterated poetry is the very essence of sublime. But when those hurly-burly songster's, put pen to paper merely to set the rabble on a roar, it frequently raises one's pity to find talents so misapplied.—Whenever I see a thing of the kind, it brings to my memory an incident that took place last war, in the city of Philadelphia.

A gentleman of New-Jersey, who had obtained a smattering of language, meeting an officer of distinction, accosted him thus: "Come Colonel, sit down, and let us have a little chat;" the officer, to support the scene, agreed to the request. When after much conversation, and similar phrases, the gentleman observed, that "should any man contempt to exalt me in the public highway, I would stand up in my own edification." The officer smiling, told him he imagined he had swallowed the Dictionary whole, and it was now coming up wrong end foremost.

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR.

The following observations are sent you for publication in the Lady's Miscellany, should you think them worthy of attention.

S.

WOMEN have, in general many advantages over us in the nuptial state, and many opportunities of retaliating on us the hardships and inconveniences that some few of them may suffer from the brutal and tyrannical part of our sex. Yet it must be allowed there is something capriciously cruel in what most men expect from their wives. They are displeased with them for seeming to feel any jealousy of their fidelity, even if they know they deserve it; and yet they would be hurt if they thought such a circumstance would give them real uneasiness. This species of injustice is shown in more trifling circumstances than nuptial infidelity. A man dislikes that his wife should express any symptoms of discontent, when he declares his intention to leave her and dine at a tavern with his friends; and yet he would not be pleased to hear her say, especially if he thought she spoke her thoughts, "Pray, my dear, go: I shall be just as happy without you."

In this case, a man in a profession has an advantage over an idle man. His business will give him pretences for enjoying connivial society, without hurting the self-opinion of his wife. For women can hardly allow the possibility, which undoubtedly exists in men of a social character, of other company being preferred occasionally to their own without its being a proof of their husband's decreasing affection.

In fact, women, when they love, are much more attached than men. I really believe few women would wish for any other company than that of the husband they loved, while he behaved with kindness and attention.

As human nature, in all ages and countries, must have been essentially the same, under the same circumstances, it is surprising that all the ancient ethic writers should consider the being under the dominion of a wife a consequence of marrying a woman of fortune, since experience shows the fact at present to be directly the reverse. The very few men who maintain an uncontrouled sway over their wives and families will be found, almost without exception, among those who have married for interest. And the reason of this seems clear; for, besides the natural tendency which persons in a dependent situation have to employ every effort to get out of it, an ascendancy, in such a connection as marriage, is not gained nor maintained by the same causes as in the common affairs of life. In marriage, the person who loves most, will certainly be governed; and the person who has the largest fortune will, in matches formed by the parties themselves, generally have most love on their side. To this may be added a characteristic of the sex, put into the mouth of Booth, by that inimitable delineator of life and manners, Henry Fielding. "Women," he says, "generally love to be on the obliging side; and if we examine their favorites, we shall find them to be much oftener such as they have conferred obligations on, than such as they have received obligations from*."

Attention and assiduity make the strongest impression on the hearts of women. Therefore men in the lowest order of society have by far the best opportunities of gaining the real affection of their mistresses. What is the attention of picking up a fan, or handing a lady to a coach, compared with the frequent acts of kindness that may be shown in the hay or harvest field? But as the days of pastoral refinement, as well as chivalry, are past, it is doubtful whether the labourers of the present day often avail themselves of this advantage. Yet the most polite lover, if he possess sensibility, knows this, and the most accomplished woman feels it. An assiduity, expressing a real anxiety to serve her, and especially the appearance of serious alarm for *her* safety, and a total disregard of *his own*, in the moment of real or supposed danger, will give the lover more interest in the heart of his mistress, than a ten year's siege of courtly compliment.

Plato censures the dramatic poets for their exhibition of vicious manners, on the supposition that the actors, as well as

* An observation of the same sort is made on mankind in general by Thucydides, in the funeral oration spoken by Pericles. "The person who confers the favour is always the most steady friend, being desirous to preserve that kindness on account of which it was conferred; while the love of the person owing the obligation is weaker, being conscious rather of discharging a debt, than showing his own kindness."

the poet, will acquire bad habits from frequently assuming such characters. This, perhaps, may be refining too much; but undoubtedly the assuming a character in real life, must have a great influence on the actual character of the person assuming it. There is truth in the common proverb, that "custom is second nature." Has not then the fashion, which enjoins the appearance of total indifference in a young couple to each other, in company, after marriage, a strong tendency to produce real indifference? Surely a woman must feel a little hurt at being neglected in public by the man who, a few days before, seemed only to live for her service; and the contrast of this neglect to the unremitted, or probably increased, attention of other former admirers, must make impressions in her mind, not very favourable to domestic happiness. I think nothing so pleasing as the marked attention of young married persons to each other. I am far from meaning a childish and disgusting display of fondness, and still further, that kind of behaviour we sometimes find among ill-bred people, at a third person's table, which is a tacit censure of the politeness of the host. The attention should something resemble that which lovers pay to each other, when in company with persons, before whom they wish to be on their guard. F.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The following pertinent observations on the noblest of human passions, may not be found unworthy the attention of our fair readers.

THOUGHTS ON LOVE.

The passion of love, and its influence on society, have been as minutely canvassed by theorists, as any subject that could be mentioned, and the ideas which it suggests to them are so different from the feelings of the practical lover, that it would be difficult to distinguish any resemblance between them. The man yet untouched by this passion is inclined to despise its power, and supposes that those violent effects, which he often sees it produce in others, discover a weak and irresolute mind. Hence he views with contempt and pity, one whom he discerns a slave to its influence. He sometimes views the purest, the most romantic lover, tyrannised over by a conceited coquet, and sometimes jilted by a mercenary mistress. He sees his peace of mind destroyed, now by unrequited affection, and now by a more favored lover. He sees him so blinded as to be utterly insensible to the failings of his fair one, though never so plain to each one else; and also sees him regardless of the remonstrances of his friends, endeavouring to persuade him from a match which they know can only tend to unhappiness. He goes on headlong to consummate his wishes as his evil genius directs him, and the natural consequence is, that his remaining days are embittered with sorrow. At one time he is captivated by a *shrew*, violent as *Catharine*, and unhappily finds himself by no means as successful in *taming* her as *Petruchio** ; at another by a handsome fool, who is incapable of enjoying any rational pleasure.

That love should have so extraordinary an influence on many, is an indisputable truth; and that all the enchanting prospects of bliss which it creates are never realised, is a melancholy one no less certain. All the ecstatic enjoyment which we may suppose to have been the promised portion of Adam and his consort in their terrestrial paradise, do not exceed those which many lovers expect to attend them through life, and as every day discloses vexations and disappointments to their view, it often happens that the career which began with enthusiastic love and ardour, closes amidst discontent and discord. The cause of this is obvious: their minds become soured by the defeat of their hopes, and the miscarriage of their expectations, and they begin to reproach each other for their faults and frailties, to which they are inclined to attribute their ill success; and where love was in the onset the most violent, it is frequently found to be the least productive of felicity.

Romantic love has caused men to do many foolish things, but I imagine it would be difficult to prove it ever occasioned them to do a wise one. It has excited them to deeds of heroism, or rather madness, which reason disavows, and which they themselves, when the first transports of passion are over, must confess were imprudent. Indeed, in the opinion of some, love and wisdom should not at any time come in contract with each other; for Cowley observes,

> I could not *love* I'm sure
> One who in love were wise;

and his opinion is daily re-echoed by numbers.

The writings of former days are copious in examples of romantic passions. The powerful charms of beauty have been felt since the creation; and from the days of *Paris* and of *Helen* to those of Petrarch and Laura, and from thence to the present time, its effects have as often been lamented as rejoiced at. Though I know of no instance since that of the former, where it has caused the destruction of cities and thousands of lives, yet instances of peace of mind destroyed, of prospects of happiness blasted, and of reason undermined by its influence, may be cited without number.—To love, says Shakespeare,

> —Is to be made of all sighs and tears;
> It is to be made all of faith and service;
> It is to be all made of fantasy,
> All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
> All adoration, duty, and obedience;
> All humbleness, all patience, all impatience;
> All purity, all trial, all observance.
>
> *As You Like It.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

* Shakespeare's comedy of "Catharine and Petruchio, or the Taming of the Shrew," is here alluded to.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Dreadful Cat-astrophe ! ! !

A more melancholy instance of the awful vicissitudes of mortality or dread reverses of fortune, is not, perhaps, recorded in the annals of time, than that which painful necessity compels us at present to relate.

Upon Tuesday, the 20th instant, as a lady of this city and her daughter were enjoying alone the comforts of a winter fire, unapprehensive of danger, and ignorant of impending harm, all of a sudden there burst out of the closet adjoining the parlour in which they then were, to their great amazement——a MOUSE of an unusual size ! Proceeding in a diagonal direction, the monster had nearly gained the extremity of the room, when Grimalkin, ever on the alert, with the spirit of true feline heroism, gave the signal of attack, by springing with eyes on fire, claws protruded full three inches, at the most moderate computation; with "each particular hair on end like quils upon the fretful porcupine," and a yell that would have petrified the soul of any but a Hector to quartz, five fathoms to windward of the enemy. Finding himself unable to cope with such superior force, the intruder thought it most prudent to tack about. Accordingly, he took a direction nearly N. by E. and again hotly persued by his indefatigaby implacable enemy, finding all his resources exhausted, and his strength failing, he was obliged to seek an asylum from the rapacious jaws of his persecutress——in the midst of a blazing fire ! ! Resolved not to be outwitted by this artful manœuvre of her *chase*, Puss, with a zeal as glorious as *ardent* passed intrepidly through the straits of the eastern andiron, and a *warm* engagement took place immediately under the cross-bar. The scene that ensued we shall not undertake to describe; to do justice to it behoves the *flaming* imagination a of Homer, or the *scorching glow* of the Mantuan.

Suffice it to say that after an engagement to which those of Marathon or Marengo were *icy*, the combatants, fortune poising her balance all the while in equilibrio, were forced to give up the contest.

The dingy hero by great exertions, with an embrowned fur, and a well-singed *system*, reached the exterior of the hearth; when after a series of unavailing convulsive *strictures*, he uttered a scream, then gasped, then reeled, gasped again, reeled a second time, and closed his eyes in death.

Thus fell, by an untimely and unparralelled death, a warrior, who, perhaps, had led the van in the famous war of antiquity, and matched e'er a croaker immortalized in the *Batrachyomached.*

As for the heroine, we are authorised to state, that after strewing the carpet for nine yards round, with brilliant embers, and fire brands, with the loss of nineteen of her toes, six of her best mustachios, two thirds of her tail, and the whole of her patience, she vaulted over the andirons, and took half a dozen tours round the parlour, accompanied with very emphatical musical mews.

We are happy to add that by the timely exhibition of certain oleaginous medicines, prescribed by the physician usually attendant upon such occasions, and by a very tender and careful attention to the patient, she appears to be in a state of convalescency, and likely in a few months to resume the duties of her office as *mouser-general.*

It is contemplated to erect a monument to the memory of the deceased, consisting of a handsome marble pedestal, surmounted by a circular brass plate bearing the following inscription. Whether it is to be erected on the Jersey shore, or in front of the *commodite* in the garden, is not yet decided.

On further consideration, it is deemed most proper, in consideration of the high deserts of the defunct, and the distinguished place he held as a statesman and a warrior, to defer publishing the inscription and epitaph intended to commemmorate his achievements, until we receive them from the illustrious pen of Mr. J. H. Pye, poet-laureat, or of Dr. Caustic himself. The public, we hope, will duly appreciate the momentous nature of the case, and will pardon the omission of the above. They may rest assured that it will appear as soon as possible after they are received from London.

Note. The publishers of papers thro'out the states, are requested to give the above two or three insertions in their respective prints, for the satisfaction of the friends of the deceased.

Wednesday, Jan. 21. DELTA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A RIFLEMAN'S GIFT.

IMMANUEL gave Julia to keep for his sake,
(Alas what a gift from her love)
A bullet of lead, of his hands 'twas the make,
And she could but the present approve.

Immanuel prov'd false, yet her grief still to cherrish,
She ne'er would her sorrows impart;
Resolv'd by his gift and his falsehood to perish,
The bullet she lodg'd in her heart.

And oft as he thinks on his Julia thus blighted,
A tear shall Immanuel bestow, [slighted,
To think how her faith, by his falsehood, was
How his ill-fated gift laid her low.

Julia Francesca.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

WHEN in the sweet and social hour
I boasted of discernment's power,
Perhaps you thought me vain;
Yet safely I this truth aver,
From study close I seldom err,
Tho' oft with mental pain.

You tell me then your heart to read,
In this I'm sure I must succeed,
For 'tis no hard decree;
I see it generous, just, and kind;
With pleasure view your polish'd mind
From vice and folly free.

But for its secret inmost care,
With all my penetrative lore
I cannot aught discern;
Fill'd by some kind and chosen fair,
So well she guards all access there
Its springs I ne'er can learn.

Julia Francesca.

.....

ANECDOTE OF DR. WEBSTER.

THE late Earl of D——d, who was extremely fond of Dr. Webster's company, and who used sometimes to question him respecting the extent of good works—their efficacy, &c.—Sitting one one evening with that great and facetious clergyman, he familiarly addressed him, "Sandy," (Alexander) "Well, my lord," replies the doctor, "I sometimes read the bible, and I find it written, *he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.* Now, Sandy, I have brought a leaded pipe with fine sweet water, from Pentland-hills, to the poor's house in Edinburgh, at my own expence, of six hundred pounds; by which eleven hundred poor d—ls have abundance of the finest water in Britain. What think you of that good deed, Sandy?" "I have no doubt, my lord," replied the Dr., "if it have proceeded from a good principle, and be intended for a good end, but you will have a reward fully worthy of your six hundred pounds." "I think," replied his lordship, "I may at least have seven year's meat in heaven for it—nay, I think I may say with Samuel Rutherford, (a great but homely speaking divine in Scotland) I may ride through Hell on a Windle-straw, and not have a hair in my horse's tail singed!" "My lord," replied the Doctor, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "*you would not be the worse of taking your water pipe behind you,* in case of accidents."

SATURDAY, JAN. 24.

.....

To note the passing tidings of the times.

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Boston Jan. 19.

FIRE. It is with regret we state that about half past one o'clock on Friday morning, the new and elegant building of the Columbian Museum, owned by Mess Bowen and Doyle, was discvered to be on fire, and which with a part of the valuable Collection, were destroyed.* The loss is estimated at 20,000 dollars. It is remarkable that Thursday was the anniversary of the destruction of the Museum by fire in 1803.

After the fire had subsided, a very melancholy catastrophe occured. A great part of the south wall of the Musem fell into the Chapel burying ground, and killed six young men, and wounded several others. Those killed, are William, son of capt. Michael Homer, aged 11, a promising youth—John, son of Philip Condon, (one of the pressmen employed in the Centinel office) aged 24—Henry Fullerson, aged 20, an apprentice of Mr. Richard Thayer, housewright——Isaac Peabody, of Shirley, an apprentice of Mr. John Leman, blacksmith, aged 15—Joshua Urann, an apprentice of Mr. Aves, cooper, aged 17—and James D. Beats, an apprentice of Mr. Jennings, wheelwright, aged 19. We do not understand that any of the wounds are mortal.

* The fire is supposed to have taken, by some accident, in the story in which M. Martin exhibited his experiments and Phantasmagoria, as advertised in the papers.

From the Centinel—14 inst.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is the Boston Theatre like an *old Cask?*
Ans. Because it is falling to pieces for want of a COOPER.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening last, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Cary Dunn, jun. esq. of this city, to Mrs. Waters, of Jamaica, L. I.

At Elizabethtown, Ezekiel Williams, to Miss Sarah Crane——at Philadelphia, Woodrop S. Wynhoop, to Miss Ann M. Bartleson——at Wilmington, N. C. J. Potts, cashier of the bank, to Miss Mary Kirwood.

DIED,

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Mary Ann Brewer, wife of Mr. Samuel Brewer.

At Philadelphia, the amiable wife of the rev. Dr. Greene.

At his plantation in Georgia, on the 16th ult. James M'Leod, Esq.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
JEWELLERS,

And Watch Makers, 137, William street, and 441 Pearl street, have received by the late arrivals from London and Liverpool an extensive assortment of Plated Ware, consisting of the following articles:

Superb round, oval, and oblong tea and coffee Urns with legs and lamps.
Do. do. do. tea pots, sugar basons, and cream Ewers in complete sets to match.
Rich cut glass castors and liquor frames.
Oval and oblong cake baskets.
Candlesticks, and brackets newest fashions, with silver gadroons
Chamber candlesticks with snuffers and extinguishers. Elegant three light Branches.
Snuffers and snuffer trays.
Fish knives, toast trays, inkstands.
Salts, wine strainers, wax winders with tapers.
Soup ladles, knife rests, sugar tongs.
Mustard spoons, &c.
A few sets superb double plated and silver edged oblong soup and sauce tureens with dishes.
Egg-boilers for six eggs with lamp and stand.
Oblong rich cut glass Epergnes, with engraved leafage. And a variety of other articles of the best plate silver edged and fashionable patterns. Also an assortment of single plated Birmingham tea and coffee urns, tea pots, sugar basons & creams, ewers, castors, candlesticks, brackets &c. &c. elegant patterns.

JEWELLERY.

Elegant pearl set broaches, pins, ear-rings, finger rings, bracelet clasps, mourning rings and broaches, watch chains, seals and keys etc.
They have also received a beautiful collection of gilt ornaments for the head, elegantly set with imitation pearl, topaze, emerald, amethisths, and cornelian very cheap.
A great variety of richly ornamented dress combs gold and silver epaulets trimmings for ladies dresses, spangles coral beads butttons etc.
Repeating horizontal and L'Epine gold watches
Silver single and double case ditto.
A constant supply of the inimitable Venus tooth-powder. Spanish segars of the first quality in boxes of 250 to 1000.
STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS continue to manufacture and have constantly on hand gold and silver work of every description wholesale & retail.
The strictest attention paid to the repairing of watches of every construction.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by ALFORD & MARVIN,
No. 15, Catharine-street, near the watch house
Nov. 14.

For the Lady's Miscellany
(Selected.)

ODE.

Who with her arms of love, carest,
And laid me, youngling, on her breast,
And hush'd me there to downy rest?
My mother.

Who o'er my infant-ailings wept,
And, by my bed, long vigils kept,
And kiss'd and blest me while I slept!
My mother.

Who in each frolic-sport, and toy,
With glist'ning eye indulg'd my joy,
And shar'd the transports of her boy?
My mother.

Who, patient of a wayward child,
Forgave my headstrong humours wild,
And soon the frown forgot, and smil'd?
My mother.

Who, guardian, champion, counsel, friend,
To schoolday-cares her aid would lend,
My tears would dry my cause defend?
My mother.

Who to brave truth and honor bred
My heart, and in their high-road led,
And bade me there forever tread?
My mother.

Who nurs'd me in the proud disdain
Of all that scoundrel's feel or feign,
And all that scoundrels boast, or gain?
My mother.

Who by her fair example, taught
Each holy aim, and generous thought,
And virtues never to be bought?
My mother.

Who, to this filial bosom dear,
Through onward life's maturer year,
Is cherish'd, lov'd, and worshipp'd here!
My mother.

LÆTUS.

REASON IF NOT RHYME.

Dame Prudence whispers marry not
Till you have pence enough to pay
For table, chair, and one poor cot,
And leave a mite for quarter day.

Beside chair, table, and a bed,
Those want, who cannot live on air,
Two plates, and basket for their bread,
And knives and forks at least two pair.

When winter rattles in the sky,
Drear is the bed that wants a rug,
And hapless he whose purse is dry
When doctor calls for drench and drug.

These eyes shall ne'er behold thee, Bess,
And that sweet babe that calls me dad,
Reduc'd to scanty fare, or less
Than snugly hous'd and warmly clad.

So, Bess, we'll e'en put off the day
When parson Green shall tie us fast—
Who knows but luck, so long away,
May come and bide with us at last?

Hope shall be ours the tedious while,
We'll mingle hearts, our lips shall join;
I'll only claim thy sweetest smile,
Only thy sweetest tress be mine.

HENRY.

NATIVE POETRY.

The following beautiful Song is from the pen of one of the poets of Petersburgh.

What pleasing scenes before me ran,
When nature first proclaim'd me man,
And Love's soft touches just began
To warm my youthful fancy!
What endless bliss before me grew,
When brushing light the morning dew,
On pleasure's wings I gaily flew,
To meet my blooming *Nancy*.

All Nature's ways were new to me,
My mind from every care was free,
Soft music breath'd from every tree,
To charm the enraptur'd fancy,
The sweetest flower that scents the gale,
The blushing rose and lily pale,
With all their glowing tints would fail
To paint my charming *Nancy*.

Alas! how short our pleasures last,
Just seen to-day, to-morrow past,
Some with'ring, some destroying blast,
To ruin gives the fancy.
No ray of hope around appears,
The maid I lov'd no longer cheers,
The gloom of death all nature wears,
For false was lovely *Nancy*.

EPIGRAM.

Scotland, thy weather's like a modish wife!
Thy winds and rains for ever are at strife:
So termagant a while her thunder tries,
And when she can no longer scold—she cries.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Selections.

Publius Syrus says, that a woman knows no medium between loving and hating.——Is he not mistaken?

There were famous women of all the Philosophic sects—but infinitely a greater number are recorded of the Pythagorean school—though it enjoined silence and the keeping of secrets.

In the Rabbinical account of the Jewish trials and punishments for adultery, there is one curious particular:

They give the woman a potion, composed by the priest, called *aqua zelotypiæ*, or the water of jealousy. If she had been guilty, it poisoned her forthwith, without benefit of clergy. But if innocent it increased her health and fruitfulness.—What fine juggling must have been here!

And if the husband happened to have been guilty in the same way himself, the draught had no ill effect upon the woman, though she had been ever so culpable.——Natural justice, this.

There is no such thing as real happiness in this life. The justest definition that was ever given of it, was, "*A tranquil acquiesence under an agreeable delusion.*"

The more tickets you have in the lottery the worse your chance. And it is the same of virtues in the lottery of life.

Coquetry is a snare laid for cunning, and prudery one spread for simplicity.

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